306

MEMORIAL

OF

LYDIA EVELINA BALLAGH.

DIED JANUARY 13TH, 1884.

Ballagh, Lydia E.

MEMORIAL

OF

LYDIA EVELINA BALLAGH,

WIFE OF

JOHN C. BALLAGH,

DIED JANUARY 13, 1884, 6 P. M.

MISSIONARY AT TOKIO, JAPAN,

OF

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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PH. IC TYPE T. GUTEKUNST PHILAD'A.

Ever Yours
L. E. Ballagh

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

WERE HELD IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

(WASHINGTON SQUARE), PHILADELPHIA,

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1884,

AT FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M.

The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: from the *First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia*, SAMUEL C. PERKINS, NORRIS W. HARKNESS, GEORGE GRIFFITHS and GEORGE T. HARRIS, *Elders;* and from the *Clinton-Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia*, JOHN MOORE, *Elder*, THOMAS E. ASHMEAD, *Trustee*, and JOHN H. DINGEE, *Superintendent of the Sabbath-school.*

As the procession entered the church the choir sang the following anthem.—(*C. Everest*, "*The Sabbath*," *page* 375.)

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—*Rev.* xiv. 13.

REV. LAWRENCE M. COLFELT, pastor of the church, then read 1st Corinthians xv. 42–58; Rev. xxii. 1–7.

PRAYER BY MR. COLFELT.

O God, Thou hast brought us into very close relation to Thee. Thou dost meet us in the secret passages of our own souls. Thou dost confront us as the God of eternity —as the arbiter of human destiny; and Thou hast sent into our midst the angel of death, Thy special messenger; and Thou hast come very near to our hearts by this Thy providence. We humbly pray Thee this hour that Thou wouldst meet us in the midst of our sorrow; that Thou wouldst sanctify it graciously to us by Thy Holy Spirit, and that Thou wouldst help us to interpret the meanings thereof, that we may be spiritually benefited; that our zeal may be quickened; that our love of Christ may be intensified, and that we may devote ourselves, each one, with renewed earnestness to the work which remains for us to do. O God and our Father, appear Thou in the midst of us. Draw Thou near unto us, uttering the words of Thy promises and manifestations of Thy love. May we know, even in this hour, that Thou art the Father; that Thou dealest with us as with sons: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." O Thou Saviour, Thou Son of God, we pray that Thou wouldst draw peculiarly near in this experience of our life, and that we may look upon Thee as Thou art lifted upon the cross, and since Thou hast given Thyself freely for us; since Thou hast sacrificed Thy life in our behalf; since Thou hast consented unto death that we may not die, but forever live; may we know that Thou wilt with Thyself freely give us all things; that Thy love is unto death—that it is stronger than death; and that

there is no ordination of Thy providence that is not gentle; that there is no arrangement of Thy will that is not wise; that all is guided by Thine infinite and tender and unutterable love. O Thou Holy Spirit, we pray that Thou wouldst reveal Thyself this hour to each one of us—to this bereaved husband—to these dear friends who have gathered here, companions of this dear friend of their life—to all these sympathizing Christian hearts. We pray that Thou wouldst show Thyself as the Comforter, and take of the solace of Thy truth and speak it to each one of our hearts, so that we shall not grieve; so that we shall rather rejoice; yea, so that we all shall give her joy that she hath gone to be with Christ, which is far better.

Let Thy benediction, the comfort of Thy holy gospel, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, the love of Christ which passeth that of woman, rest upon us this hour, comforting us, uplifting us above all our human grief, and enabling us to rise triumphant into the sphere of faith, and to transform darkness and sorrow with the very light which Thou dost shine down upon us from Thy reconciled countenance, and from the heaven which Thou hast opened to our gaze. And all we ask is for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Let us sing the hymn that was greatly preferred by our dear deceased friend, the 761st in the Presbyterian Hymnal:

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

REMARKS BY MR. COLFELT.

My dear friends, does not the spirit of this touching hymn, so much preferred by our friend, come home with peculiar emphasis to our minds and hearts this hour? It is the Son of Mary who is our Saviour. The Christ that we love and worship is the Christ specially anointed for our human darkness and for our human grief. I know that we love to think of Christ as risen again and in great power; but there are other moods and experiences in which He comes even more near to us, and is a Saviour of greater preciousness and greater power. When we follow Christ in His humiliations; when we see Him go down into the depths of His anguish; when we put the most disastrous overthrow of our expectations, and the profoundest gloom of the deep-falling darkness about us, over against the sorrow which touched and enveloped and overwhelmed the soul of Christ—how close and tender and near He comes to us! And so I often think that the door of sorrow opens more immediately upon the heart of Christ than does the door of our joys. And this is especially true in the time of our bereavements, when, in the providence of

God, we are commanded to look at the grave that is opened at our feet, and bend over and gaze down into its mystery. Here, where the best beloved of our hearts and lives are put out of sight; here, where human darkness and human grief reaches its lowest point; here, too, is the sepulchre of Jesus, and it is very near the breaking light of the dawn of the resurrection. Here we come, I think, the closest to our Saviour, when we see Him humbling and giving Himself to death, and consenting to descend into our grave, and wait there in infinite patience and power until the hour of the resurrection, and when we see Him rise again never to die any more. And now we have a Saviour for our exhilaration, for our times of rational enjoyment, and, better, a Saviour for our disappointed hours. We have a Saviour for our fears and for our anxieties; we have a Saviour for the ruin of sin, for the wreck and overthrow of death and for the heart-searching bitterness which follows so often after it. Our Saviour went through it all. He was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. The burden that pressed upon His heart our word cannot utter. He was tried in all respects even as we are, yet without sin. And now we have a perfect Saviour, who has all sympathy and all knowledge and all power for this hour, for this bereaved husband, for these dear friends who have come from afar, for these missionary associates, who are touched now with a thousand recollections of anxieties and work for Christ which they conducted together with this devoted woman—for you and for me, and for every one that needs the sympathetic and helpful Christ.

Now it is not with any accident of speech—it is with deliberate intention—that I would fain point your minds and hearts, first of all, to Christ now. It is true that we walk beneath the shadow of a most unexpected providence. This gracious woman; this Christian wife; this member

of Jesus' church; this missionary of the cross of Christ—one of the choicest spirits, one of the noblest workers of our time—has been arrested in the very midst of her work here amongst us, and has been transferred to the nobler activities of heaven. We thought we would have had another missionary meeting with her, but not this. We thought we would keep other appointments, and hear her voice as she told us, with accents of womanly sympathy and with aspirations akin to the very yearnings of Christ, about Japan and its perishing millions, and the work of Christ resting on her heart there; but we did not think that we would keep this appointment here to-day, and listen to nothing but the eloquent voice of her silence. And yet, dear friends, do you not think now that there was something in the work and the prayer which you enjoyed together with her in the last few weeks; that there was something in the joy that stirred her own heart, and that illumined her whole face; that there was something in her speech that bewrayed her; that there was a ripeness of thought and of feeling; that there was a zeal for Christ; that there was an unction of the Holy Ghost, which seemed to betoken that she was near to the heavenly gates; that she was almost meet for the inheritance of the saints in light? But, ah! we did not know that the gates were even then ajar, and that they were only waiting for her to speak her last words and do her last work ere they would close and shut her in with the Lord forever. It is all plain now! but we wist not then. Our eyes and hearts were holden. And yet, astonished and overwhelmed as we are by this providence of God to-day, all you who know her character must feel that her wish would have been that the first and the last and the whole utterance of this hour would and should be missionary; that our minds and our hearts should go forth, away from ourselves and from our

griefs for her, and that we should turn all the manifestations of our regard for her memory into a manifestation of regard for Christ; that her death and burial, like her whole life, might be absorbed and swallowed up in the life of her Saviour. For this is the one succinct, comprehensive estimate of her whole character: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." For in the very hour in which, at eighteen years of age, she consecrated herself to Christ, in the Presbyterian church at Bainbridge, New York, her prayer was that "*God would give her a heart to love Christ and a heart to serve Christ;*" and if ever a prayer was gloriously answered it was that.

As a dutiful child in her own home, bearing the responsibilities of the household, caring for the children of her parents, on account of the bereavement of her mother at an early age; as a devoted wife; as the head of a home of her own—in all the duties and cares and responsibilities of life, from the very beginning to the end, she showed nothing but this same heartiness of love and this same thoroughness of service unto Christ. It was, however, about ten years ago, in the fall of 1873, that her devotion took on its most heroic form. Her heart burned with a desire to show a higher love and to do nobler work for Christ; and so she chose to be a missionary of the cross. The heroes of the olden time were warriors; the men who went to battle inspired by the love of glory, and the crusaders who went to the East, with fanaticism and cruelty attendant in their train. But the heroes of our age are the missionaries of the cross of Christ; the men who obey no suggestion but that of Christian benevolence, and who have no ambition but that the gospel of the Son of God may be preached to the very ends of the earth. They are the real chivalry of our day. They are the true crusaders. They have no thought of any low motive. They are

stirred with the breath of the Holy Ghost. They have no idea of consequences; they reck not for applause or scorn. They do not go forth as travellers, out of mere curiosity, to dwell on historic associations, to dream romantic dreams. They go for nothing but labor and nothing but sacrifice.

And it was in this spirit of heroic consecration that she went, ten years ago, to the city of Yokohama, in Japan, with no inspiration but the love of Christ, and no ambition but that the kingdom of heaven might come in all the coasts and bounds of that interesting land. Those have been ten glorious, signal, eventful years! When she went there the gospel had but a commencement; now it is firmly planted. When she went there it was "an handful of corn upon the mountains"; now it is a waving harvest in the valleys. When she went there there were but two churches, and they were very feeble at that; now there are a hundred or more of churches, and there are thousands of Christian communicants. And in this work of foundation-laying, of which we now see the glorious results, this devoted woman bore a most conspicuous part. Her first work was, of course, that of teaching—the general organization and management and administration and care of schools; and in this work her character came out in very bold relief. She was firm, she was dignified, she was kind; she inspired respect and aroused affection at the same time. She had the self-control of Christ. She inspired self-government in others. But the impression of a religious character was the profoundest she made. Her heart was full of the love of Christ, and it could not but spread its infection to those about her; and so she was enabled to instill religious principles and inspire many with faith in the Son of God. And it is not astonishing that her pupils, wherever they are distributed throughout Japan, manifest

eminent usefulness and eminent piety; and there are many of them who are now pastors and ministers of the gospel of the Son of God. It would thrill your hearts to read the letters which have been written to her expressive of the profound debt of gratitude felt by so many who were blessed in early life with the influences of her sympathy and her Christian faith; and there is many a heart of Christian native in Japan that will tremble and thrill with sorrow when they hear of God's providence to her in this land of her love and her birth.

Another work that she originated was that among what are called the "tea children" in Japan. There are great firing establishments in the city of Yokohama, which are used for the preparation of teas; and in these establishments there are thousands of women and mothers who work all day long, and who leave their children unkempt and uncared for. And one of the sights of her daily life was to see these neglected children—to witness the older sisters carrying these wretched infants on their backs through the streets. There were the multitudes of little ones, who had nobody to care for their minds or for their souls, growing up in the contaminations and temptations of the streets of that eastern city. Her heart was profoundly touched; so she started schools in which they might be taught, and rooms in which these little children might be cared for and fed, while their mothers were at work in the manufactories. And that is the work that is going on and that is being nobly carried forward by Miss Alexander, and which will speak eloquently of her long after her presence, and even her personal memory, has been forgotten amongst them.

Another work which she did was one of a peculiar kind—perhaps the most wonderful of all—giving signal illustration that God does still, in this day, bring about His

grandest purposes by the most insignificant means; that "He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and things which are not to bring to naught things that are." I refer to her sickness. Several years ago she became very ill. But she turned her couch into a pulpit, from which she preached such lessons of faith and patience and hope in God that they have sunk very deep and made an abiding impression in the whole missionary life and the whole spiritual history of Japan. Thither the other missionaries came when they were despondent, and thither, too, the native Christians came when they were in doubt and perplexity, and when they were overthrown and weak and anxious and full of remorse; and all alike gave evidence and testimony that they went away from her sick room comforted and blessed. It is a rare spirituality that can take a sick-bed, with its burdens and pain and anguish, and turn it, not into an occasion of weariness and repining, but into one of spiritual and moral improvement to those about the sick one. And yet this woman brought the very atmosphere of heaven into her room. But, meanwhile, the physical misery of her own condition was growing more intense. The way in which God was leading her was becoming more dark and secret every hour. The agony of her own condition was so great that she was unable to permit the most delicate touch of one of the limbs of her body, because the misery of it was so keen. Her own heart fell into despair—not of the goodness of God, not of faith in Him, but despair of the propriety of her living any longer. And her husband in the adjoining room, in the long night-watches, heard her again and again pleading with Christ that He would take her to Himself. Her whole condition was so deteriorated that medical skill was altogether exhausted, and her physician thought that amputation was absolutely necessary;

and yet her weakness was such that it meant instant death. Man's extremity, however, became God's opportunity. The husband and the missionaries of the cross in that city gathered together in prayer—in believing prayer, mark you well! They knew the words of Christ, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible unto you." They knew the words of Christ, "Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith when ye pray: if ye believe that ye will receive, it shall be given unto you." And so they prayed—they prayed in utter faith. They cast themselves down and surrendered wholly to the promises of Christ; and the answer was marvellous. From death's door this woman rose to health and strength. The process of physical deterioration, which had gone on to the lowest point for two long years of suffering, terminated and was rectified and turned about. The limb that had not been touched to the floor in all this period became good as the other one. It was a remarkable experience. It is one of those marvels that physical science acknowledges, but says that it cannot explain. The whole of the missionary church, the ministers themselves and the native Christians, had their attention turned and concentrated on that sick-room, and when this woman came forth, God was visibly glorified in their midst. They felt that another miracle had been wrought. That recovery made an overwhelming impression. The missionaries were quickened in their zeal; the people came together for prayer. They cast themselves on the arm of God in faith, and the stupendous revival of Christianity in Japan—a revival that will have such vital power and influence on the destiny of that country; a revival that will conserve the revolutions that have taken place; a revival that will plant the foundations of Christianity firmly in the conscience of that nation so that it can never be disturbed —took its origin from that sick-room, in the prepara-

tion of heart that went on about the bed of this devoted woman.

My dear friends, that were enough for one life. But growing out of the circumstances of this sickness, and the fact that for two years she was in this helpless condition, with no one to nurse her day or night for a long period except her own devoted husband; with her husband doing his work by day and watching by night, until his own strength failed and his own brain weakened; this experience developed in her mind the importance of nurses in Japan. The consideration of the ignorance of those people, and the absence of all qualifications for such a task, impressed on her the thought that one of the greatest philanthropies that could be organized and set on foot for that country would be a hospital in which nurses should be trained to do their work intelligently and wisely, and in which the poor sick folk would be cared for and comforted and healed and blessed in the name of Jesus. And that was the work which she inaugurated before she came to this country, and she has been prosecuting it with enthusiasm here, and she has been advocating it in your hearing in this city again and again. It was this that opened her lips, it was this that caused her to break the silence of her womanly timidity in the church to which she had originally dedicated herself. She found it necessary when called upon, in the providence of God, by an occasion over which she had no control, to say something, and asking God to hold her heart with His hand, and to still its flutterings, she tried to tell of the needs of Japan, and especially of this hospital that rested so heavily upon her mind and heart. And she has been going on the way that providence has opened up for her, telling to you the same things in this city with a pathos and power you cannot forget.

The last work she did on earth was to make an address

last Sabbath afternoon at the Home for Incurables. Her last public work was to tell them of the healing of Christ for body and soul, and ask those poor heart-sick and hope-deferred folk to join with her in prayer to God that there might be a hospital like theirs to care for the sick and bless the dying in the land of Japan. And when she had ended her work, she came home to the house of Mrs. Samuel C. Perkins, whose hospitality she and her husband had been enjoying for some days, and she said that she would fain rest. And there, her work done,—on the holy Sabbath, when the shadows of the evening were gathering, when the sun was breaking forth and casting his last glories through an otherwise dark day, when the moon and the stars were getting ready to come out and keep their clear vigil—in the home and household of those who love the woman's foreign missionary work; with the arm of a woman-mission lover about her, this holy, precious, devoted woman missionary went to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." "So He giveth His beloved sleep!" "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers!" It was not death! She did not believe in death for a Christian. Ever since she gave her heart to Christ, death to her has had no sting, and the grave no victory. She had no fear thereof. Her life was subject in nowise to this bondage. She was always looking for her Lord, and her life was a preparation for His appearance. She felt with Peter, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night." Her daily ejaculation was, "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God." Therefore there was no suddenness in this event to her. There was no surprise whatever. There was no consciousness of any valley of death's shadows. There was an instant transition from the home on earth to

the home in the heavens. There was an instant passage over the threshold into the light, leaning on the arm of her Beloved.

And now, dear friends, do you think it a matter of surprise that Woman's work for Woman is an enterprise of such power as it is in the history of our church to-day? When you look over the record of a life like that, is it startling that there is such diligence and such usefulness, and such manifest tokens of Christ's favor upon this auxiliary of Christ's church? Why it seems as if a new power, as if a latent force, had burst in these last times from a quarter whence we knew not—from the very centre of the Christian church. It is more marvellous in spiritual matters than electricity is in material. God has touched and stirred the heart of woman. Power has descended on the head of woman, and she has been baptized with her Pentecost, with celestial heat and light and flame, and she has electrified and strengthened all the established organizations of the gospel; and she is sending forth to-day fresh, gushing streams of Christ's love to the very ends of the earth. Here are the elements which constitute the strength of this movement, and which will increase its power for all good and for all time: it is prayer that believes, it is faith that waits till it feels the pressure of Christ's hand before it will walk a step, it is hope that is heroic unto death and clear beyond it, and it is love that fills the heart to bursting, that devotes itself very tenderly to Christ, and that serves Him thoroughly and well.

Is there not a word in this beside that of encouragement? Is it not one of warning? My dear friends, do you think that this whole providence has not been specially arranged for you and for me? Do you think that this messenger came so swiftly, and that Christ beckoned her to Him so peremptorily, that she was not given opportunity to call

her husband and bid farewell to them that were in the house; do you think that happened without especial pertinency and meaning for you and for me? Does it not seem to say to us, "Be active! Be instant! The hours hasten"? Your own life is but a point in the eternal line of destiny. Do your work; do it diligently, do it well, do it now, do it for Christ, do it for eternity, do it for the whole world. By the command of the Father, by the love of the Son, by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, obey your orders, and "Go ye therefore and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Amen.

REMARKS OF REV. J. F. DRIPPS,

PASTOR OF CLINTON-STREET IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Dear friends, when a king requests, the request is a command; and when, upon such an occasion as this, he to whom of all the world it means the most requests me to speak, it is a command. Nothing but that command could induce me now to rise and add one word to that which has been said.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." It was the word spoken regarding this act of God, by him at whose request I stand here. The hand of the Lord is in this thing, and beyond that point I cannot yet go. I am thankful that in the providence of God it has been my privilege, with you, to sit and listen—not to rise and speak, for I could not help feeling that my place was down among you who

mourn and yet are glad. I came here in no official spirit. You know how it would be with yourselves, if every little while, all the way along through the years since this saint of God began her work in connection with our society, letters had been coming into your hands, as they have into mine, unfolding her inmost heart; making known those facts which here have so touched and thrilled your souls; until her name was a household name with you, as it has been with me and mine. And how it would be with you if you had been looking forward, as I have been, in the hope of sustaining still this relation of pastor to her for coming years; and you were given the privilege, for which I can never cease to thank God, of opening your own home to her when she came here to Philadelphia, and being permitted, under very peculiar circumstances, to perceive the very deepest springs of motive within her, under circumstances such that they would have brought out anything, I was going to say, that was merely human, anything that was unchristian. They revealed nothing in her but what could be summed up in that word which was spoken of her just now, "For me to live is Christ!" Her only feeling, her only question, seemed to be how this or that or the other thing might affect the Christ who lived within her and for whom she lived.

I am just trying with you to find out what the Lord means for you and for me in this, and I cannot think clearly about it yet. I can only say these words to myself over and over again, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." The Lord gave! Just in proportion as we knew her, our souls bless His holy name for giving unto our lives such a presence and such a blessing. And if the Lord has taken away, it is away from sickness and sorrow and weariness, it is away from all sin, it is away unto His own blessed

presence. And we ought to lift our hearts up, turning our eyes not downward, but upward, with every thought of her, and then forward unto the work that is yet left for us to do here on earth. May we go, as we have been asked, in her name, in Christ's name, to go:—following her, even as she followed Christ. May God help us so to do! Nothing but an almighty Saviour could have helped this soul to live the life it did; could have ripened it so gloriously; could have made it speak to the uttermost depths of our hearts, as it hath spoken, as it will speak. Oh that the God of the holy prophets may grant unto us who yet remain grace, in her spirit, to carry on her work—His work—until in His own good time He may say unto us one after another, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"! And to His name shall all the glory be—for the giving and the taking away and the reuniting.

PRAYER BY MR. DRIPPS.

Blessed Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee that this parting is but for a little time; that there is reunion before us; that the smile which has gladdened our hearts during these days and weeks past will greet us again; that the Christ, shining through this bodily presence, we shall see again. Our prayer is that in Thine infinite goodness Thou wilt enable us, through the time that intervenes, to follow her as she followed Christ; to drink from that same stream of spiritual influence and power from which on earth she drank, from whose fountain-head she drinks to-day. And so reveal Thyself as the Blessed One with whom she is,

making Christ more real to us. May all that is mean and vile and sinful within us be cast out, O Christ, by the effectual grace of Thy Holy Spirit; that we may each be able to say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And so, doing Thy work with Christ abiding within us, may the spiritual power of the indwelling Christ guide us onward and upward until, in Thine own good time, the work done, we can say, with her and with her Master, "It is finished." Wilt Thou receive us there, where we shall be able better to express our thanks to Thee for Thy goodness in giving her to us here on earth, and for calling us after her up into heaven.

Lord, hear us in these petitions; in all that shall go up unto Thee during this hour, this day and through coming days; and to Thy most blessed name shall all the praise be ever more. Amen.

The choir then sang the following hymn, which was another favorite of Mrs. Ballagh.—(*Gospel Hymns*, No. 48.)

Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REFRAIN.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.
Every day, every hour, etc.

Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
Every day, every hour, etc.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Colfelt.

The coffin was then opened, and an opportunity afforded to the friends to look for the last time upon her mortal body.

Attended by the clergymen, the pall-bearers and a few of the immediate relatives, the remains were taken to Monument Cemetery, and beneath the brilliant starlight of the clear, early evening, tenderly borne over the snow-covered ground and committed to the receiving-vault, till a final resting-place should be determined.

RESOLUTIONS

OF RESPECT AND CONDOLENCE UPON THE SUDDEN AND LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. BALLAGH, PASSED MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1884, BY THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

Having learned that by a sudden and mysterious providence our beloved missionary to Japan, Mrs. Ballagh, was called from her earthly labors to her heavenly rest on Sabbath evening, January 13, 1884:—

We hereby record our high appreciation of her labors in the distant field to which she had devoted her life.

We will remember with pleasure and, we trust, will keep for inspiration her last faithful labors performed in our midst during the Week of Prayer.

Her spirit of consecration, and its blessed influence, cannot fail to fix the fidelity and zeal of her fellow workers.

Resolved, That this testimonial of our regard for Mrs. Ballagh be sent to her bereaved husband, with the expression of our sympathy for him in his great affliction and sudden loss.

Resolved, That a committee of five, consisting of Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D.D., Rev. H. L. Dickson, D.D., Rev. Andrew McElwain, Rev. Alfred Nevin, D.D., and Rev. William Hutton, Jr., be appointed to convey this action to our afflicted brother, and to represent the Association in the funeral services of Mrs. Ballagh.

From The Presbyterian, Philadelphia, January 19, 1884.

Lydia Evelina, wife of John C. Ballagh, of Tokio, Japan, died suddenly in Philadelphia on Sabbath, January 13, 1884. Mr. and Mrs. Ballagh for many years have been missionaries in Japan, under the Presbyterian Board, and were spending some time in this country for the benefit of his health.

By this death the Week of Prayer for January, 1884, has been crowned with a new and touching significance to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It was a season of unusual fervor and full of unction. From day to day the interest deepened and glowed into keener life. Surely the Spirit of God was there! Among those who prayed, one earnest, tender voice melted all hearts with its fervid utterances. Whether she prayed that greater fullness of the life that is "hid with Christ in God" might quicken hearts longing for it in the church at home, or whether that the blessed Spirit might be shed abroad on God's people in all lands, her petitions seemed to come from a boundless desire for God, a craving hunger which only Himself could satisfy. How she poured out her heart in confession of sin, and how she prayed for the coming of the kingdom! Who that heard her petitions will forget?

So she prayed each day in those blessed meetings for prayer until the week ended. And when the Sabbath of rest came she wrought in Christ's service through the day; and then suddenly, as the evening fell, on the wings she was pluming when we understood it not, she soared away into the celestial glory and was seen no more. Oh the brightness and the darkness! What an ending of this precious Week of Prayer! Surely God's purposes in

sending this sainted missionary to Philadelphia are full of meaning which can be understood. The hearts that glowed while Mrs. Ballagh prayed can surely never grow cold and lifeless again; the fire that was kindled will burn. God grant that we may read His purpose in a great outpouring of His Spirit—in a broader, fuller, deeper life in the hearts of those who are working for the coming of His kingdom,—and through the sudden translation of this devoted missionary, the accession of many to take up the work where she laid it down—the work of winning the world for Christ.

ACTION OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 5, 1884.

The following minute was adopted:—

As one by one those connected with this society as workers at home or abroad are called from among us to the higher service of heaven, it is fitting that we should together give thanks to God for their testimony and work on earth, and for their victory over the last great foe—stimulating each other by their example that we may follow them as they followed Christ. Some have gone from us under such peculiar circumstances or from such preeminent usefulness that we have felt impelled to put upon permanent record our appreciation of their great value to us and to the special cause of the Master which we have made our own.

It is with this desire that we now place upon our min-

utes an expression of our deep sorrow in the sudden death of Mrs. John C. Ballagh, of Tokio, Japan, and our sincere thankfulness for her swift, painless entrance into the city of her King. The last weeks of the year 1883, and the first of 1884, will be forever hallowed in our thought by the coming and going of this most lovely, blessed servant of God.

We who were more or less closely associated with her will each bear our own individual memories of her and her words and voice and smile and gracious, gentle ways. But as a society we rejoice to remember her noble, faithful work in Japan, testified to by those with whom she labored there, and by the harvest of souls which God had already given to her and her husband as the fruit of their labors. Her missionary life was one of great devotion to her work, and its trials as well as its joys were accepted and, by the grace of God, made to advance rather than retard its progress. She was filled with intensest interest in the present condition of mission work in Japan and with liveliest hope for its future, and had plans for her own part in it, which *seem* now to be altogether lost and vain—but we know that this is only seeming. Her work was done, and well done! God's work, even that which He had apparently given into her hands, will go on and be multiplied and strengthened, and her death will do what her life could not have done. So we believe, and therefore we record here no moan or lament, only heartfelt gratitude for what she was, praise to God for what she is, and bright faith in what she will be among us here and in Japan, for many years to come.

The last words written by Mrs. Ballagh, dated Philadelphia, January 12, 1884, the day before her translation from earth to heaven:

To all the missionaries connected with the Women's Boards of the Presbyterian Church of America. Greeting:—

May mercy, peace and great success attend you and your labors for the Master during the year we have just entered, through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and His blessing upon all your efforts.

How very often we wish those who are laboring so untiringly to keep up this end of the "gospel rope," often amid discouragements of which we are ignorant, could look in upon our schools, women's meetings or Sabbath services when some of those in whom we are interested are being baptized and taking vows to follow the only true and living God. We have felt that they would be so cheered and encouraged by a sight which fills our own hearts with thanksgiving and joy.

The rest of her thought, the expression of which was thus begun, never was committed to paper; but from her conversation on the subject, it is known that her intention was to show how encouraging to the active laborers on the field it would be could they have had the privilege which she so much enjoyed of attending and taking part in the meetings held by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Philadelphia, during the Week of Prayer.

LETTER FROM THE LADIES

OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GERMANTOWN, PA.

GERMANTOWN, PA., *December* —, 1883.

DEAR MRS. BALLAGH:—Some of your many friends in the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Ger-

mantown during your long and faithful labor in the field as our missionary adopt this means of expressing to you our sincere affection and warm appreciation of all you have done for us. During this time your name has become a "household word;" and even the children have learned to know you, through the long and interesting letters and wonderful curiosities which came to us from far-off Japan. We can give you no idea of the work you have done here as well as there, for the great cause of missions. Many first had their interest awakened to its importance by your earnest appeals coming to us across the seas, warm from the heart of our faithful laborer in the field.

Only the dear Lord Himself knoweth the full amount of work you have been enabled to accomplish for Him; yet even we, who see but in part, think it little wonder that He hath called you apart to "rest awhile." We earnestly pray that the change may indeed prove refreshing to body, soul and spirit, and that in His own good time strength may again be given you to labor in the field for which you are so specially qualified.

With gratitude and love, your friends,

Mary D. Westcott,	Anna De Forest,
Mrs. Isaac C. Jones,	Theo. B. Henry,
Mary E. Henry,	Jeannie H. Bacon,
Hannah More Johnson,	Mary D. Pease,
A. E. Campbell,	M. T. Richards,
F. K. Graham,	Anna Neill,
Emily Darrach,	Emily L. Penrose,
Emily M. Whartenby,	Sarah Dwight Pease,
Mary A. Mansfield,	Maria S. Higgins,
K. H. Wilson,	Sara E. Jones,
Catharine McLean,	Sallie Sprigman,
May C. Wilson,	Emma L. Van Pelt,

Mrs. John Garrett,
Miss Bessie Garrett,
Miss Laura H. Campbell,
Emma N. Garrett,
Bertha M. Campbell,
Jennie S. Graham,
M. L. Penrose,
Valeria F. Penrose,
Helen Prosser,
Cornelia E. Jones,
M. C. Duffield,
Margaret F. Higgins,
Jennie E. Barry,
Priscilla Barry,
Miss Jennie Grime,
Sarah L. Mansfield,
Sarah G. Beck,
Louisa F. French,
Louisa C. Lang,
Lillie E. Campbell,
Angie E. Campbell,
Sadie L. Lukens,
Fannie Creighton,
Florence S. Cook,
E. L. Linnard,
Helen Penrose,
Belle D. Westcott,
Emily H. Frick,
Katie Sprigman,
Mary Powers,
A. M. Armstrong,
Miss A. MacKellar.

Some letters received by Mr. Ballagh since the death of Mrs. Ballagh:

Syracuse, N. Y., *January* 17, 1884.

My Dear Mr. Ballagh:—You can well imagine my great surprise and sorrow on opening the New York *Tribune*, on Tuesday evening, and at once seeing the notice of the departure of *your* dear wife, *our* dear Mrs. Ballagh. My constant, heartfelt sympathy has been with *you* ever since.

The notice said "suddenly," and so in following *her* I have loved to think that her dear Lord came and called her unexpectedly, knowing she was all the time ready and

"waiting," and that it was not given her to endure protracted suffering. Dear precious soul! the light of heaven was on her face all the while she was here; and as it comes over me so vividly now, why couldn't we see that she was then taking on the heavenly, and that she was speaking her last words and doing her last earthly work? I am sure that all who were brought into contact with her felt spiritually quickened. Her influence is with us now. It will never die or be forgotten! Her *loving*, *earnest* words for the Master were blessed to us and will bring forth fruit. I am so thankful that we have that blessed visit to remember. It was the theme of remark at our prayer-meeting last evening, after Mr. Thurber announced that she had gone. How certain and confident we feel that she is among the *redeemed*, "perfectly satisfied," with her dear Saviour. I love to think of her present reward.

But oh how deeply we feel for *your* sorrowing heart! I am sure you will find great comfort in the very precious memories, and in knowing *how much your love* added to her earthly joy and happiness. She spoke very deeply of *this* to me, and of what an *exceptional* happy married life she had enjoyed with you whom she so deeply loved and fully trusted. She said, "I believe this happiness has prolonged my life." May the One who says, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," richly sustain and hold you up in the midst of this great sorrow. Believe me, dear Mr. Ballagh,

Yours in deep sympathy,

Sarah W. Thurber.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., *January* 24, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. BALLAGH:—We scarcely know how to come to you in your great sorrow, almost shrinking from the attempt; and yet we feel that we cannot stay away, but must in some way express our sympathy in it. Our acquaintance with Mrs. Ballagh, though short, was of such a nature as to endear her greatly to us. Indeed, before we saw her we had learned to love her; and we deeply grieved when we learned that she was not, because the Lord had taken her to Himself,—weeping, not for her, but for ourselves and all who loved her so well. The ladies of our society each feel that they have lost a personal friend—so did she win all hearts while here. It will be long ere we forget that visit to Johnstown; nor will we soon forget that among the last of her efforts for good on earth was an appeal to us, stirring us up to renewed and greater effort in the Master's cause. I refer to a letter written us on the Friday preceding her death.

We know well in how small a degree our loss, however deeply we may feel it, can be compared with yours, my dear sir. Words fall but coldly at such times, yet we can in no other way convey to you our warmest, deepest sympathy in this bereavement.

If at any time you feel that you can write, anything relating to our beloved Mrs. Ballagh will be of the greatest interest to us. And of yourself also, it would give us great pleasure to know that you were regaining health and strength.

That our Father in heaven may sustain you under this great affliction, is the earnest prayer of *each* and *every one* who join me in Christian love and esteem.

Yours very truly,

ADELIA S. MURRAY.

The letter of Mrs. Ballagh referred to by Miss Murray above is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, *January* 11, 1884.

DEAR MISS MURRAY:—I have not heard of the welfare of the dear friends in Johnstown since our *very delightful visit* with them. We sincerely hope you are all well and enjoying the Week of Prayer, as we are in Philadelphia. I am sure you will all be glad to see by the Circular on which I write, that my plea for a hospital and training-school for nurses has met with a warm reception by the Board. The central Board in New York, as well as the Ladies Board here, are both behind in receipts up to the present time this financial year, which closes in May next. It is my earnest desire that no funds should be taken from the regular contributions to the Board, but that this great work should be started by "*special* thank-offerings" in addition to usual subscriptions for foreign missions. I shall expect a special divine blessing upon the work so commenced. I was so much impressed with the *great possibilities* of your society. Do you know you are stronger and better able to support a missionary than the church who have assumed my support? and I am truly expecting *great things* from you. Let me again beg you to send the usual $50 to poor, needy India. You will still have more than $100 for this hospital. How I would like to see you again! Mr. Ballagh joins in kindest regards to each and every one.

In Christian love yours,

L. E. BALLAGH.

The Circular on the back of which the above was written is as follows:

TRAINED NURSES IN JAPAN.

A DOUBLE BLESSING.

All over this world of ours there are special burdens of sickness and suffering to be borne by *women*, in the endurance of which they need all the comfort and help which can be given them. In Christian lands not many are beyond the reach of such assistance; in heathen lands it is only a very few favored ones who can obtain it, while the mass must stagger and often fall under the weight of suffering which no helpful hand diminishes or relieves. It is not only medical care which is lacking among our sisters of heathen countries; there is also no proper nursing known among them. The most absurd and injurious customs prevail; superstition and ignorance of all laws of health combining to render their treatment of the sick such as to increase rather than alleviate pain and disease. Doubtless many die, or live in agony, because of ailments which kind skillful nursing would greatly soothe, if not altogether remove.

Here is where the blessed gospel comes in with the same gentle ministry of healing and saving which our Lord Jesus Christ began when He was on earth. He indeed cured with one touch of His divine power, while in our day human hands working for Him must day after day tend and nourish and comfort the sick and suffering ones, who may be won for Him by this means.

Following out this principle, we now seek to establish in one centre of Christian influence in a heathen land a school where pupils may learn to do this work for Christ, hoping that in course of time others may be opened in similar places. We want to have a TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR NURSES in Tokio, Japan.

Do you ask where will be found suitable Japanese women to be thus trained? They are ready at our call. In the

Christian churches now forming with such wonderful rapidity in that awakening land, there is a large number of women, once secondary wives or concubines, now, under the new Christian order of family life, desiring and needing to find some occupation for hands and heart. The profession of nursing will give this to them in a way which seems opened by the very hand of God for this time of their need. They will be able to support themselves honorably; they will be under the supervision and guidance of experienced Christian workers; they will have opportunity to minister to souls as well as bodies; and they will bring untold comfort and blessing to the large class of sufferers who have hitherto known only neglect and misery in sickness. Two objects will thus be accomplished, by the help of God, through this one instrument of good in Japan. The sick will be cared for, and those women to whom Christian work will be safety and defence will have ample employment, for which also they are naturally well fitted, and which will bring them very close to the Master Himself in spirit and aim.

Mrs. Ballagh and Mrs. True, both now in this country, will take charge of the matter and give any information concerning it. They can be addressed at 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This undertaking must be *outside* of all regular missionary work, *no funds being taken from the latter for it;* but gifts beyond and above what is pledged or already appropriated must be laid upon this altar.

Will *you* not, for the sake of this double blessing to your Japanese sisters, give up some one luxury in dress or table or life during this month of January, and send the sum thus redeemed for God to this object?

Direct to MRS. J. M. FISHBURN,

1334 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*